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Needmore's Rag-Time Poems

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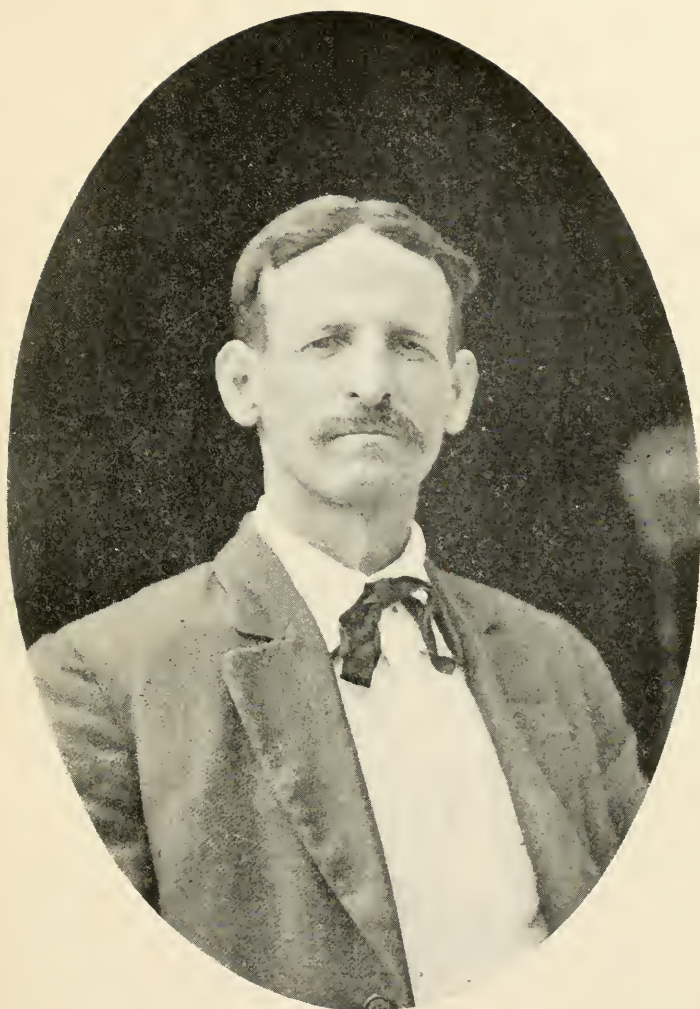
MARTIN PUCKETT

Munfordville, Ky.

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J. M. PUCKETT

KENTUCKY'S NATURAL BORN POET

PREFACE

It is a rare gift to be able to look on the foibles and follies of mankind with charity. The best way to reform men is to show them their faults and follies in a charitable way, and if they must be stung to remove the poison from the sting.

Martin Puckett is, in the truest sense, a poet of nature. He was reared among the sunkissed purple hills of Kentucky and there, while a boy, working on his father's farm, he drank in the music of the birds and the hills and with the consummate skill of the real poet he has injected this music into his poetry.

He is always quick to see the tragedy and sadness of life, and in many of his poems he has shown that pathos that leaves no room to doubt of its genuineness. But the most characteristic trait of the author of the following poems is his keen sense of humor and the charity with which he deals with the faults and follies of man.

The greatest reformers the world ever knew were men who could make people laugh. Martin Puckett does not laugh at people, he laughs with them. The man of wit may see the ludicrous side of life and speak of it with a brilliant dash, but he is apt to leave a wound in the heart of the victim of his shaft, but Martin is a humorist and the victims of his satire laugh as heartily as any one.

The most remarkable thing about the author is that he has never been to school and he can scarcely read and write, but the meter of many of his poems is perfect. The music and meter of the following poems were not formed by the

rules of composition. It is the music of nature, and the rhymes of nature.

Martin Puckett is a young man and no one can tell how the world will receive this first publication of his works. But I am going to predict that some day Martin Puckett's name will be written in letters of gold on the walls of the Hall of Fame, and that among literary people and lovers of nature his fame will be like a star that scintillates along the waves of time.

A FRIEND.



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Introduction

Needmore's ragtime Poems.
Have safely now arrived,
Just from the press at Bowling Green:
Shipped out on Number Five.

Many an anxious heart is waiting.
Its pages to peruse:
While the author's heart is beating;
And his soul is much enthused.

The natural man is mortal,
Sometime we'll pass away:
But Needmore's ragtime poems
Is born in the world to stay.

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

In the hills of old Kentucky,
With her golden yellow corn;
My mind runs back to childhood
To the place where I was born.

In a little old log cabin,
With its rafters made of poles,
Beneath the roof shone brightly
And the walls were full of holes.

Around this dear old cabin,
When but a youthful lad,
I learned to mind my mother,
'Til to-day it makes me glad.

Across the left I climbed the cleft.
While yet a youthful soul;
I looked upon a dangerous place,
The Philadelphia hole.

Upon the right was a beautiful sight,
The robin and the swallow,
That played among the hickory leaves
Across the groundhog hollow.

Many things have passed since childhood days,
The world with all its charm:
I'll never forget the parental roof,
The place where I was born.

MY LITTLE HOME TOWN.

Some folks tell their anecdotes,
But I delight in rhymes,
I will tell you the story
Of my little home town,
And then you'll be up with the times.

Euclid has lost one of her prominent men,
He will never be back any more,
It is Daniel LeRoy
His heart filled with joy
Has moved to the town of Needmore.

Right down the street just a few hundred yards
I can hardly give you the space,
It is plain to see
And it really strikes me,
It's part of the Faubush place.

On Second and Chestnut they drew the plot,
My neighbor, he purchased the ground
Built him a house
On a three cornered lot,
Right up in the edge of the town.

Needmore is coming, you can hear the wheels humming
While Euclid was once in the lead,
A brand new store
In the town of Needmore,
And most everything else that we need.

J. P. Morgan has passed away,
The world will move on as before ;
While my neighbor grew wise to the great enterprise
With a basket manufacture
In the town of Needmore.

I see it a-brewing, there is something a-doing
That will make our little town complete,
An electric light
To swing on each corner,
And a car line down the street.

You bet we will start her when we get our Charter
Judge McCandless has promised to grant,
Myself and Clabe Waddle
With a brand new Model
Will start an electric plant.

There is one thing that's liking, for which we're striking,
That has made the people so sore,
When we get our roads fixed,
We will show you some tricks,
Right in the town of Needmore.

The Republican party has made a mistake,
The Democrats will make good I am shore,
Kentuckians and Hoosiers
And all the Bull Moosers,
Will land at the town of Needmore.

JUST HOW I MADE A FIDDLE.

One stormy night the wind was high,
I changed my plans a little,
I really got it in my head
That I could make a fiddle.

I layed the plan and studied hard,
And then I did remember
George Jagers had some cherry plank,
The very kind of timber.

I did not mind the work at all,
I had to have some cash
And make a trip to Euclid,
Or the thing would be a flash.

I really had no money,
I'd spent it all for booze,
I opened an account with Logsdon Joe,
And there I got the screws.

The Democrats were all in power
There was bound to be a change,
So then I sent by Parcel Post,
That is how I got the strings.

I made a trade with Richardson
To bore the holes so little,
He did not refuse to credit me
For he wanted to see the fiddle.

Then I pulled for the planing mill
As fast as I could toddle,
To have the lumber all dressed down,
To finish up the model.

And when the wheels began to fly
Jim Tom turned on the power;
So then we had the lumber dressed
In less than half an hour.

And when the thing was all complete,
I knew they wouldn't refuse it.
I paid the boys a hundred per cent,
And paid them off in music.

MY LITTLE COTTAGE HOME.

We have no silver knives and forks,
We have no golden spoons;
Just have a little cottage home
That only has three rooms.

I used to toil upon the farm,
I never thought to roam;
The greatest pride, when satisfied,
Was at my cottage home.

We used to be so happy there,
Around the cottage door;
But now I see a vacant chair
I never saw before

The golden thoughts of goneby days,
Was when we numbered four;
But now we see there are only three
Around the cottage door.

Just in the bloom of womanhood
One bid us three goodbye;
She left this little cottage home
For a Mansion in the sky.

THE MAN THAT NEVER LIVED IN THE WEST.

There is a relative of mine, who gets along fine,
He never has lived in the West;
His name is not Bill, but he runs a sorghum mill,
And I think I can tell you the rest.

When this relative of mine was a wee bit of a lad,
He sat on my grandmother's knee,
He never got mad, and it made her feel glad,
She said he was just like me.

I will tell you how he was raised, in his boyhood days,
He used to pop corn in the ashes.
His mother thought he was smart, and he really got a start
Making sorghum molasses.

Just at sixteen with a sorghum machine
He cornered the business alright,
He really did fine, though he cut a little shine
And whipped an old fellow one night.

This relative of mine, just a few year sago,
He really never dreamed of a wreck;
He ran like a snail for the county jail,
And got it right square in the neck.

During his Santa Claus times he used to cut shines
Over the wagon tracks, made with a poker;
Just fifty years ago, my grandfather Joe
He christened this wonderful Joker.

This relative of mine in the sweet bye and bye
Where people never wear any glasses,
When St. Peter swings open the Golden Gate,
You will see him making sorghum molasses.

I DREAMED I WENT TO PARADISE.

I dreamed I went to Paradise,
I had an awful fright,
When I found no one to greet me
Except old Colonel White.

When he met me at the station,
He surely meant no harm,
I received congratulations
Just as sure as you were born.

I thought it was St. Peter,
His countenance shone so bright.
Surprised to know my Meeter,
It was just Old Colonel White.

He led me up the gold paved streets,
With her beauties yet untold,
And there I found some men of renown
Were safe within the fold.

The grandest sight while I was there,
No natural eye could see,
I looked upon the lonely Son,
That walked in Gallilee.

His raiment was as white as snow,
A garment without a seam.
I will leave it with you just what to do
If you think this was a dream.

THE FUNNIEST MAN I EVER MET.

My business calls me away from home,
It has for many years;
The funniest man I ever met,
His name is Sam Breshears.

He tells his jokes while on the run
The people passing by,
They say he is like George Washington,
He cannot tell a lie.

He chased the red-men in the West,
Some twenty years ago;
And kissed a squaw at the Panama,
And never made a show.

He strolled away another day,
He passed so quiet and calm,
Across the park to Doodles' Ark
And stole away their lamb.

So Sam, he had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as cotton,
And every where that Sammy went,
The lamb, it came a trotting.

It followed him to town one day,
Went down the street "a-struttin' "
He left it in a blacksmith shop.
They worked it up in mutton.

He really tells these things for fun,
You need not ask him why,
Because he's like George Washington,
He cannot tell a lie.

A POLITICAL CAMPMEETING.

Campmeetings down in Georgia
Are nothing to compare
To the one that was held in Euclid,
Everybody was there.

Republicans and Socialists,
Bull Moosers by the score,
A Democratic chairman,
Of course we held the floor.

The boys they all got happy,
Each one did testify
He would stick right to the rooster
'Till his soul passed through the sky.

I believe they really meant it,
Though their hides were filled with booze;
They said they'd vote for Emmett,
And help tighten up the screws.

In the Magisterial district
Adjoining Old Cub Run,
We elected Curt McCoy
Just to have a little fun.

A grand old man from Cammer,
Known as Professor Durham:
He passed into the Court House
For the Superintendent term.

As the meeting was in progress
Each heart was filled with mirth,
Nothing else would satisfy,
Joe Stewart must be the Sheriff.

Bull Moosers and Republicans,
Were made to calculate,
And like the Irishman's chackin,
They really "chaped" too late.

The Democratic party
With their banners floating high,
Will tell of this Campmeeting
In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

GRANDFATHER'S EASY CHAIR.

Grandfather sits in his easy chair,
Golden locks had turned to gray;
While Ellen Brooke, the dear old cook,
Was cleaning the dinner away.

A spider had crept across the stair,
And wove his tiny nest;

While grandfather sat in his easy chair,
Reclining there in rest.

His good old wife with gentle care,
Was toiling all the day,
While grandfather sat in his easy chair,
Sleeping his life away.

A thousand taps by little chaps,
Was made upon the floor
While there he sat in his easy chair,
Did nothing else but snore.

Rip Van Winkle slept twenty long years,
His brain was tired and sore;
But grandfather slept in his easy chair,
He never waked up any more.

Just across there hangs the old church bell,
We heard its doleful sound,
Grandfather removed from his easy chair,
And placed beneath the ground.

'Cross the line of worlds in the Spirit land,
Where angels are his guests;
Grandfather's there in his easy chair
Completely now at rest.

THE STORY OF TWO LITTLE MEN.

You have head of little Tom Thumb, how he stirred up the
seum

When he fell in the bowl of soup;
He swam to the shore and kicked the thing o'er,
And had a little spell of the croup.

There is little Tom McCubbins, his corn was all nubbins,
His turnips devoured by the lice;

There's always a rumor he's in a good humor,
And thinks a whole lot of his wife.

The best I remember on the first of November,
Just at the break of the drouth.
This little man with a hatchet in his hand,
Tore the roof all off of his house.

While he and his wife were busy as bees,
Cleaning away the plunder,
Said he to Miss Lou, what will we do?
I believe I heard it thunder.

The tear drops trickled down the little man's cheek,
He cut an awful caper:
When the north wind blew and the rain came too,
And spoiled his ceiling paper.

All men make some sad mistakes,
While small men weep and sorrow
Over things they've left undone to-day,
Awaiting for to-morrow.

A BROKEN HEARTED PREACHER.

On a trip across the continent,
While on a little spree,
I met a man at Munfordville
Just as happy as he could be.

They said he was a preacher,
His heart was filled with grace;
And by Gee Whizz, and if he is,
He must have been out of his place.

In a contest for an Auto,
He thought it would be grand
To ride so fast, and then at last
He'd reach the Promised Land.

Meet Abraham and Jacob
On the Golden streets so wide;
With a smile and a grin he would take them in
To have an Auto ride.

It made me feel so sadly
When he met his awful fate:
He got his nose skinned badly
And missed the Golden Gate.

JOHN AND MARY'S SECOND COURTSHIP.

Said John to Mary, I am in a quandry,
I scarcely know what to do:
I'm left right here with my little ones dear,
And my heart is just longing for you.

Said Mary to John, just talk right on,
I'm looking right straight at you
I know you are papa, of course we'll be happy
And I have some little ones too.

John: I have a home to call my own,
How pleasant things might be
Should I have no personal privilege,
What pleasure could I see?

Mary: To take away one's privilege
Humanity never give,
Were it not for you, and my little ones too,
Why should I want to live?

John: Should it take five years to satisfy
The longings of my heart,
I'd gladly wait at a cottage gate
Where we may never part.

BAD LUCK STRUCK MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

Bad luck struck my Grandfather's home
Most fifty years ago.
The stork he came just all the same
And brought little Cooper Joe.

Grandmother was glad to see the lad,
Her heart was all aglow,
When bad luck struck my Grandfather's home,
And fell on Cooper Joe.

His little face was mighty red,
And awfully easily spoiled,
And I suppose they held his nose
And gave him castor oil.

Some months, perhaps, had then elapsed,
He didn't seem to grow,
Bad luck struck my Grandfather's home,
And fell on Cooper Joe.

And then at last he grew so fast,
The people he did fool;
He made a trade without the cash,
And bought a little mule.

He thought he'd made a powerful trade,
And gave his reason why,
His little steers were long in years
And mules, they never die.

He went out to feed his little steed
As slick as any mole,
An epidemic had struck his mule;
It died with an awful cold.

And he really believes it had the heaves,
Some things he does not know,
Since bad luck struck my Grandfather's home
And fell on Cooper Joe.

The people say he's moved away,
And left all in a haste,
To his cottage home no more to roam,
Upon the Sam Wood place.

And then he thought this home he bought
He'd have a better show;
Bad luck struck my Grandfather's home,
And fell on Cooper Joe.

The chickens scratch his turnip patch,
He has no grass to mow;
Bad luck struck my Grandfather's home,
And it fell on Cooper Joe.

WHEN SHE TOOK ME IN THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

When I was a lad of just about sixteen,
My father, he took me to town,
Never so happy in the land: there I met my Sally Ann
When she took me in the merry-go-round.

The air seemed to float, through my see-more coat,
As I climbed up the moss-covered mound,
To carry out my plan with my little Sally Ann,
When she took me in the merry-go-round.

The choir began to sing some ragtime song,
The echo was a wonderful sound,
When I joined in the band with my little Sally Ann,
When she took me in the merry-go-round.

I might tell you the story of Queen Victoria,
When she wore that beautiful crown,
She never looked grand like my little Sally Ann,
When she took me in the merry-go-round.

A MYSTERIOUS DREAM.

I dreamed one time I made a rhyme,
And thought I'd make one more,
And tell the tale of the County Jail,
And the election of Scott Poore.

There were thirteen men that had the grin,
All in the Jailer's race;
But Uncle Scott he swept the pot
And never broke the pace.

At number six he showed some tricks,
Number one and a half was sure,
At Bonnieville was the only hill
To pull for Mr. Poore.

At Rowlett's station he swept creation,
And Northtown gave some more;
Then Horse Cave with her tidal wave
Lined up for Mr. Poore.

And when the Summer's work is done,
We'll plow the corn no more,
We'll all go in and vote again,
And vote for Mr. Poore.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And view the landscape o'er:
I'll never fail to stop at the jail
And shake hands with Mr. Poore.

TROUBLE DOWN IN TOWN.

Some weeks ago I was called away,
I went to Kindergarten.
And while I was gone some boys came along
And whipped my neighbor Hardin.

The rocks they flew to Hallamazoo
Some flew in Rushes' garden.
Three or four struck Mr. Lawler's door,
Was thrown at neighbor Hardin.

Good folks they say the man is dead
They stood around his grave;
There was Sam Breshers, he's long in years
But you know he can't behave.

He said it was an oversight
That caused the man to die,
He skinned the boys up alright,
While they pounded out his eye.

And when they saw my neighbor dead,
It put the boys to thinking,
When they found his eyeball in the bed,
'Twas lying there a-blinking.

The thing to do was compromise
And fix it with the Court,
The thing for you is read this through,
Somewhere you Will find the Poet.

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS.

I used to have a cousin
And I guess I've got a dozen,
They are all good looking too,
Except three or four

Around the town of Needmore,
They are enough to make a fellow feel blue.

There is a curly-headed cousin,
She was counted in the dozen.
You need not ever ask me who,
I've forgot her name maybe,
But she married Aunt Bettie's baby,
She is one of the Needmore crew.

There is a light complected cousin,
She wishes she never wasn't.
She married a little boy in blue,
He is a cross-eyed schemer
And they moved him to the weaner,
But he is one of the Needmore crew.

This cross-eyed schemer,
They moved him to the weaner.
There's nothing there for him to do.
He doesn't seem concerned,
For he knows he is ruined,
For he is one of the Needmore crew.

THE OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP.

In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six
Sug Tom began a shop to fix,
He entered the model and got it complete,
And said to his wife, it can't be beat!

I'll sharpen your colters and plows so nice
When I can get me an anvil and vice,
A hammer and punch all on the spot,
Take down your sign Brother Willis Scott.

In his skill he laid the plan,
At Bucherville he'd make his stand.

And all the men are sure to stop
To see this wonderful blacksmith shop.

He runs this thing by hand and gas,
And works for nothing but the cash,
And if you haven't got the pay
You had just as well to stay away.

Sug sits back with a quiet chagrin,
Looking for his customers in,
At his surprise he turned around,
He saw Clabe Waddle and Richard Brown.

Come in, young men, he said to them,
When I get through with little Jim
I'll sharpen your plows and do it quick,
And only charge you just a nick.

While Queen Victoria sits on her throne,
Sug sits back in his shop alone,
Positions with her he would not swap,
For he had rather run his blacksmith shop.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

Away from home at a county fair
Just stayed a day or two,
With Emmett Hill at Hodgenville
In the County of LaRue.

The streets were thronged with stockmen there,
They passed me to and fro,
A thing or two I thought I knew,
And the balance I tried to know.

The finest horse I ever saw
Was drove by Buren Jagers,
Away up there at the county fair,
And it had the blind staggers.

So it was up to me to try to see,
Just what there could be done,
The fair it seemed was on a drag,
I was bound to have some fun.

I chuckled up Hart County boys,
As fine as ever grow
John Hubbard and Bill from Mumfordsville,
And little Jack Sego.

We gathered around a mutton shop,
Some darkies had to sell,
In the afternoon I gave them a tune,
Things moved off pretty well.

A PROMINENT YOUNG MAN.

There is a prominent young man
Who lives out of town,
He stays at home with his Ma,
I am afraid some day he is going to run away
And live with his father-in-law.

He courts a little girl
Sixteen years old.
Just as pretty as she can be,
She had a pug nose and wears boys clothes,
She never looked like a girl to me.

This prominent young man
Must be in a trance,
If he really is looking for a wife:
If he takes a little girl that wears knee pants,
He will make the mistake of his life.

He goes there courting
Every Saturday night,
And stays just as long as he can,

I have thought for some time he was surely color blind
For he can't tell a woman from a man.

This prominent young man is a great politician,
And you know I am a pretty good guesser,
He will tell his little girl
How he will take her through the world
When he gets to be the County Assessor.

He can see in the mirror his future career,
While business has opened up grand,
He has him a job
'Till the election comes off
Working for a picture man.

One morning in June he started out soon,
To canvass the county once more,
He spent one day
With Mr. Joudan K.,
And landed at the town of Needmore.

In this beautiful town that sits on a hill,
With her electric lights all shining,
This prominent young man
With a pack in his hand,
Stood there all night a pining.

Next morning they say, at the break of day,
He left this little town in a whoop,
And went down the lanes,
Toward Aunt Cassie Pane's,
And took an order for a ten dollar group.

At Aunt Cassie Pane's he made some change,
And business was looking so fair,
He spent three days
At Larkin Ray's.
And did some business there.

He worked a week on Bacon Creek,
And came back home to stay,
For sandhill tricks
And politics.
Has sucked his blood away.

He went to see his girl again, they had a conversation,
He looked so pale and thin she wept to beat the nation,
And if he does recuperate, his blood builds up again,
He will never be tricked in politics,
Or fooled by a picture man.

TWO GOOD NEIGHBORS.

I knew some folks in the neighborhood
They lived very close together,
They were mute as a mouse till there came a drouth
And a change took place in the weather.

It does seem strange how men forget
They are feeble worms of the dust,
While God in his wisdom held back the rain,
The boys got into a fuss.

These two boys were once good friends.
'Till they had this falling out.
I inquired around 'till I really found
What it was all about.

Neighbor Jones had a claim on a ringtail dog.
Neighbor Puckett, he did not like it,
It's plain to see and the folks tell me
That is just what started the racket.

Neighbor Puckett, he owned a razor backed hog
He thought he was a great possessor.
Neither one claimed the ringtailed dog
When they met the County Assessor.

EUCLID ON A BOOM.

Some folks complain about the rain,
While Euclid's on a boom,
McKinley Caswell without a dazzle
Still on his honeymoon.

The cats and dogs about the mill
Are always on the plunder,
But the old mill rat, that wears the hat,
Is the one that plays the thunder.

There is Uncle Dave he can't behave,
He has sued the town for slanders,
Just all the same the ynicked his name,
And called him Hardin Sanders.

Little barefoot feet upon the street,
Most anything expected,
Grown folks too are passing through
Almost stark mother naked.

Down at the store you will find a score,
And yet there is plenty of room,
If you don't believe me just stop and see
That Euclid on a boom.

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.

It hasn't been long since John and Tom,
They gladly left their crop,
Moved to the town of Mumfordsville
To run a blacksmith shop.

When opened wide, first thing they tried;
They were not out for cheating,
Made a saw mill for Spencer Bill,
And mended one for Eaton.

They worked a week on a grubbing hoe
And seemed to think it funny,
While Norman Loeke with bare-foot stoek
Was waiting with the money.

This blacksmith shop it beats a crop,
You ought to see them do her,
They made a contribution box
And sold to Walker Brewer.

And if you need some smithing done,
The sign is on the door,
Walk right in or come again
You will find us at the store.

OLD KENTUCKY.

Kentucky is noted for her wonderful eaves
Fine horses and women so fair,
Fine whiskey and mules, wise men and fools
And everything else that is rare.

I'll tell you my brother she launches out farther
Than any other state or nation,
She is noted for musicians and instruments
And her ways of transportation.

Joe Stewart rides in his automobile,
He moves o'er the plains in a hurry.
There is poor Bill Self, I knew he'd get left,
Stuck up in the mud with a surry.

Dr. J. King has bought him a thing,
To carry his wife and daughter,
He seems to be tickled, but it's no motor cycle,
For it moves right along on the water.

Oscar L. Logsdon has a beautiful horse,
It moves as the wings of a lark,
I'll speak it out bold, I believe to my soul
It is the one Noah took in the Ark.

Miss Bertha Ray I'm proud to say,
She stays at home with her mother,
She has a beautiful instrument
And plays just like my brother.

J. T. Puckett is a great musician,
Most equal to Mr. Morgan,
But Bill Crenshaw he'll scratch and paw
For a solo on his organ.

Eli Bradley is all tuned up
An instrument left with Mike Tharpe,
A man in Kentucky has joined in the band
With a big Bull Mooser Harp.

Many things left to go in this rhyme,
We have not the space you all know;
If Bill Self gets out of the mud in time,
We'll start up a Minstrel Show.

A PLACE OF ENTERPRISE WHERE PEOPLE NEVER WORK.

I remember well though small in size,
I was always on the shirk,
And sought a place of enterprise,
Where people never work.

I stole away one summer day,
I cannot tell you how;
I saw a man who laid the plan
And shot my neighbor's cow.

The sheriff came and arrested Bill
And took me on surprise,
A summons call to Munfordville
The place of enterprise.

My cotton pants were very thin,
My barefoot feet were raw,
But any way I had to stay,
And I'll tell you what I saw.

The folks in town they gathered around,
Just like a swarm of bees,
Without a doubt I soon found out
There was something in the breeze.

The lawyers croaked and cracked their jokes,
And eat their chicken pies,
They had it in for country folks,
At the place of enterprise.

So Bill proved beyond a doubt
He had only played a joke,
With neighbor Tom he loved so long,
Of course he had some hope.

Little Frank Brents was a man of sense,
Cold sweat stood on his brow;
When they hung the man for fifty cents,
That shot my neighbor's cow.

Poor Bill, he died a horrible death,
His soul passed in the skies,
At the hand of men who laugh and grin.
At the place of enterprise.

And when the trial was over,
Poor Bill was laid to rest:

Some things are true that I have told to you,
The rest I have had to guess.

So I left in a hurry for the cemetery,
To see her marbles grand :
I looked upon the resting place
Of Captain John Donan.

A country lad I felt so sad
For home my heart did lurk,
While at the place of Adam's race
Where people never work.



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